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Earth clad in sable, never can forego
The deepen'd trace, or man forget the wo.
Yet let him live, if life can yet be born
Disrob'd of glory, and deprest with scorn;
Yes, let him live! if he to life can bend
Without a follower, and without a friend:
If from the hand he hated, he can bear
To take the gift, his stain'd existence spare,
Who from his lonely island shall exclude
The fearful step of Conscience foul with blood?
What cuirass guard his breast with temper'd force
From the keen shaft of pitiless remorse?
Oh! in his awful cell of guilt and fear
Stretch the red map that marks his dire career,
Light the funereal torch, in ruin spread
His reeking hecatombs of mangled dead,
And if to hearts like his Contrition comes,
There let him seek her mid impending glooms;
There let him live, and to mankind display
The mighty miseries of ambition's sway;
There let him sink, to teach them by his fate
The awful horrors of the guilty great.
Great, in the stores of a malignant mind;
Great, in the deeds that desolate mankind;
Great, like the pestilence in sable shroud,
That darts its arrow from the midnight cloud;
Great, like the whirlwind in its wrecking path,
To sow in evil, and to reap in wrath.

The British parliament were occupied last year, in the investigation of various objects of interior police, particularly *mendicity*, in which many curious facts and enormous abuses were brought to light, in the management of *mad-houses*. The investigation of these, discovered scenes of cruelty which cannot be perused without horror. Bethlehem Hospital, in London, occupied a principal place in the examination, and furnishes a remarkable instance to what a frightful degree abuses may accumulate, even in the midst of a polished and humane people. The minutes of the evidence taken before a Committee of the House of Commons were published, and form a volume which cannot be read without shuddering. Reform has taken place; and a system of humanity in the treatment of these wretched

patients, and of skill in their cure, will be the consequence. Much of this change will be owing, to an establishment undertaken by the Quakers, near York, in England, which appears to be conducted with great humanity, skill, and success. An account of this Institution, called the "Retreat," has been published by Mr. Tuke, and contains a particular relation of the mode pursued in this hospital, and some very curious anecdotes. One of their rules is to afford occupation to the hands and thoughts of the patients. For this latter purpose, they are sometimes indulged with pens and paper. The following verses he gives as the production of one of the patients, who, he remarks, "at the time of its composition, laboured under a very considerable degree of active mania." The production is, under these circumstances, very remarkable.

ADDRESS TO MELANCHOLY.

Spirit of darkness ! from yon lonely shade
Where fade the virgin roses of the spring ;
Spirit of darkness ! hear thy fav'rite maid,
To sorrow's harp, her wildest anthem sing.

Ah ! how has Love despoil'd my earliest bloom,
And flung my charms as to the wintry wind ;
Ah ! how has Love hung o'er thy trophied tomb,
The spoil of Genius, and the wreck of mind.

High rides the moon the silent heavens along ;
Thick fall the dews of midnight on the ground ;
Soft steals the lover when the morning song,
Of waken'd warblers through the woods resound.

Then I with thee my solemn vigils keep,
And at thine altar take my lonely stand ;
Again my lyre, unstrung, I sadly sweep,
While Love leads up the dance, with harp in hand.

High o'er the woodlands, Hope's gay meteors shone,
And thronging thousands bless'd the ardent ray :
I turn'd, but found Despair on his wild roam,
And with the Demon bent my hither-way.

Soft o'er the vales she blew her bugle horn,
Oh! where MARIA, whither dost thou stray?
Return thou false maid, to th' echoing sound.
I flew, nor heeded the sweet syren's lay.

Hail Melancholy! to yon lonely towers
I turn, and hail thy time-worn turrets mine,
Where flourish fair the nightshade's deadly flowers,
And dark and blue the wasting taper shine.

There, O my EDWIN! does thy spirit greet
In Fancy's maze thy lov'd and wandering maid;
Soft through the bower thy shade MARIA meets,
And leads thee onward through the myrtle glade.

O, come with me, I hear the song of eve,
Far sweeter, far, than the loud shout of morn;
List to the pantings of the whispering breeze,
Dwell on past woes, or sorrows yet unborn.

We have a tale; and song may charm these shades,
Which cannot rouse to life MARIA's mind,
Where Sorrow's captives hail thy once lov'd maid,
To joy a stranger, and to grief resign'd.

EDWIN, farewell! go, take my last adieu;
Ah! could my bursting bosom tell thee more,
Here, parted here, from love, from life, and you,
I pour my song as on a foreign shore.

But stay, rash youth, the sun has climb'd on high;
The night is past, the shadows all are gone:
For lost MARIA, breathe the eternal sigh,
And waft thy sorrows to the gales of morn.



The vigorous intellect, and masculine character of mind, possessed by the late Honourable SAMUEL DEXTER, gave him the habit of deep meditation in a remarkable degree; that he joined to this a playful fancy, and the power of poetical composition is not so generally known. He wrote,